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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

A

Knack to Know an Honest Man

*Date of the only known Edition . . . . 1596*

*(Mainly from the Dyce Collection at S. Kensington)*

*Reproduced in Facsimile, 1912*





~~1912~~

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

[Vol. 63]

*Under the Supervision and Editorship of*

JOHN S. FARMER

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Knack to Know an Honest Man

1596

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*Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of*

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

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A

## Knack to Know an Honest Man

1596

*This play is reproduced from an original now in the Dyce Collection at South Kensington. There is another example in the Bodleian at Oxford.*

*The Dyce copy is imperfect. A4 recto and verso and B4 recto and verso (4 pp.) are missing, and Dyce gives a note to the effect:—"This is one of the rarest plays; it is not in the Garrick Collection; I supplied the deficiency of this copy from Malone's, which is in nearly as bad a state." These missing pages I have also supplied direct from the Bodleian copy.*

*The work of reproduction has been well and satisfactorily done. The original is much discoloured generally, and stained in places.*

JOHN S. FARMER.





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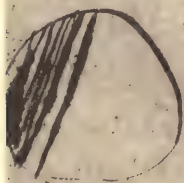
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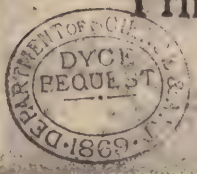
die, called, A knacke to know  
an honest Man.

As it hath beene funde times plaied about the  
Citic of London.

1685



LONDON,  
Printed for Cuthbert Burby, and are  
to be solde at his shop by the  
Royall Exchange. 1596















A pleasant conceited Comœdie,  
called A knacke to know  
an honest Man.

Enter Coridon and Antimon, and Menalchus,  
three Shepherds.  
Coridon.

Here walke Menalchus on this grasie plaine,  
And while the wanton lambes feed on these  
downes,

And hide them in the thicketts from the Sunne,  
That shine on Venus stately builded towers,  
Discourse to aged Antimon and me,  
The dolefull historie and that drierie tale,  
That earst befell in fatall Arcadie,  
How poore Amintas perisht in his loue.

*Menal.* You will me cal to memorie sweet friends  
The countlesse sorrowes which wil fetch forth teares  
From hardest rockes, and moue a marble heart,  
But though my minde in recolecting teares,  
With horror dumbe, and eke would choake my tong  
From telling tragike newes, I will begin.

## A knacke to know

*Enter Lelio and Sempronio to fight.*

*Cor.* Stay Menalchus, and hide thee in these thickets,  
For heere come strangers, who with ireful browes,  
Threatens some stormie troubles to succeed.

*Semp.* Heere is a place conuenient Lelio,  
Yonder's a plaine whereon our steeds may graze,  
Here is a grouebackt with cressend hils,  
But saue these trees none else behold our fight.

*Lel.* Haue I retained thee caitife in my house,  
And made thee Lord of all my best delights,  
And could thy impious heart so lewdly thinke,  
Dishonor to defile my wedding bed,  
Had Venus no other strumpet to content  
Sempronio's mind, but thou must choose my wife,  
To make a stale to thy vnbrideled lust,  
Wretch, why doo I thus expostulate?  
Come, come, Ile act reuenge, and talke no more,  
Euen for our ancient loue Ile giue thee lawe,  
Disroabe thee if thou wilt, speake no more,  
For Lelio hath inexorable eares.

*Semp.* If words mongst faithfull friends may not be  
borne,  
Beleeue me Lelio thou deseruest the horne,  
Come sir, for kindnes I will let you bloud,  
And seeke to coole your fire of icalousie.

*Heere fight.*

*Lel.* And Ile reuenge my mortall iniurie,  
Now is his lustfull insolence,  
Drownd in the sea of bloudie tragedie,  
How now Sempronio?

*Semp.* Flic Lelio, flic, thy icalous surie robs thee of a  
friend,









an honest Man.

friend,  
I paie thee with my blood for lewd desire,  
Go hie thee hence, prevent pursuit,  
My miseries are done, when I am dead,  
Thy miseries are too neere.

*Lel:* Too late remorse, why dost thou follow me?  
Ah sweet Sempronio, speake but one word more.

*Semp:* I speak these few wordes more, flie Lelio flie,  
Mongst friends it is too much for one to die.

*Menal:* Murder my friends, pursue the murderer,  
Hast Coridon, hie the Antimon.

*Lel:* Flie Lelio flie, and saue thy life. *Exit Lelio.*

*Cor:* Tis Lelio shepherds, hast and follow him.

*Anty.* And Lelios sworde hath slaine Sempronio,  
Pursue you shepherds that lewd murderer,  
Whilest I do beare this bloudie garment hence,  
To Seruio, tutor to this noble man,  
And giue him notice of his kinsmans death,  
Downe with the murtherers, fellowes kill his horse.

*Exit.*

*Enter olde Phillip an hermit.*

*Phil:* What noise is this before my hold of peace?  
A little breach of peace to men of zeale,  
Is held a world of grieffe to crosse his minde:  
Behold a young man weltering in his blood,  
Hie thee olde Phillip, shew thy charitie,  
Beare him to thy cell, and if thou canst, recure his  
wounds,  
If not, goe burie him, the badge of contemplations  
charitie.

*Exit.*

*Enter*

## A knacke to know

*Enter Lelio with his sword drawn, hee knockes  
at his doore.*

*Lelio.* Ho Gnatto open.

*Gnatto within.*

*Gnat:* Open, what should I open, the cupboard.

*Lel:* No knaue the doore.

*Gnat:* No knaue the doore, what rascals that ?

*O* master is it you, I crie you mercie.

*Lel:* Sirra speake, where's your mistres ?

*Gnat:* Matie shee is making wood speake, and guts  
sing:

*Lel:* Wood speake, and guts sing, how meanst thou  
that?

*Gnat:* Are you such a foole you know not that ?

Why, she's playing on the lute.

*Lel:* And where is my daughter Lucida ?

*Gnat:* She is killing a pride.

*Lel:* As how ?

*Gnat:* She is combing of her head, she will not haue  
it frizle.

*Lel:* Iest not sirra, but call them hether quickly.

*Gnat:* Ho mistres quickly, you must come hether  
quickly, or els my master will beat me quickly.

*Enter Annetta and Lucida.*

*An:* How now my Lord?

*Lel:* Annetta call me wretch.

*Lu:* Why what is befallne?

*Lel:* The worst of harmes.

*An:* Where is Sempronio?

*Lel:* Ah, aske not where he is,

Thou must be husbandlesse through my misdeeds,

Thou









**honest Man.**

Thou must be fatherles through my disgrace:  
Farewell, I dare not stay to tell my minde,  
I haue no time Annetta to imbrace thee,  
Vnles I hazard lyfe to stay so long,  
Annetta, in a word Sempronio's dead,  
His friends pursue me, and to saue my life,  
I needs must flie: you for your maintenance  
Must presently the chiefest iewels seize,  
Farewell, my sighs and teares must tell the rest.

*An:* Whether cruell fortune? my sweet loue.

*Lel:* Captiues sweet soules, in chaines of misery.

*An:* Who shall relecue me when my husband's fled.

*Lel:* He that releuees poor soules when hope is dead.

*Lu:* Who shall in do w me in my fathers absence?

*Lel:* True vertue daughter, if he be in presence:

Ah looke on these you care desiring eies,  
These cannot speake, for wo clogs vp their tonges.  
Thus silent miserie tells mourning griefe,  
Go to poore soules and hide you from a storme,  
The hands are prest to rob you of your owne,  
Go in poore soules, weep lesse, in deuoer more,  
Hast torceth griefe, danger keeps the doore. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Corrodinuo Duke of Venice, his sonne Fortunio, two  
senators, olde Seruio, and the Shepheard Antimon.*

*Duke.* Seruio stand forth, if thy important wronges  
be such,

Discourse to me and to these aged peeres,  
Thy cause of griefe, and what thou doest require.

*Se.* Most mightie Duke, most worthie Senatours,  
I come before this sacred iudgement seate,  
Not trained by hate, as many worldlings be,

**B**

**But**

...olde yeres inioynd me charitie,  
out vrg'd by wrongs,compeld by hainous deeds,  
To quicken iustice in your reuerent eares,  
Call to remembrance Prince and worthie peeres,  
The faithfull seruice for these many yeeres,  
That stout Sempronio did vnto the State,  
In remembrance whereof,  
Olde Seruio humbling him vpon his knees,  
Beseecheth iustice gainst proud Lelio,  
Who cruelly hath slaine in single fight,  
The sole and onely heire of that stout race.

*Duke.* Seruio come hether and possesse thy place,  
We will consider of thy iniuries.

*Seruio.* Still let these knees be wedded to the earth,  
Still let these teares run floud-like from mine eies,  
Vntill your grace do execute the wretch,  
That thus hath slaine my deare Sempronio.

*1.Sen.* Thou doest demeane too much intemperance,  
Thou foolish man arise, do not stain the badge of age  
And wisdom by misgouernment:

Our senators in Venice are well schoold in such haps,  
And can doome of things, not by thy teares,  
Or sorrow working wordes,  
But by the truth and estimate of acts,  
Thou sayst that Lelio slew Sempronio,  
But that assertion Seruio must not serue,  
To proue him guiltie in these reuerend eares.

*2.Sen.* What proofes produceth Seruio to the state,  
To proue Lord Lelio guiltie of the murder,  
When as through Venice nothing was more found,  
Then faithfull friendship plighted twixt them twain.

*Ser:* That loue which was twixt them before,

Doth







an honest man.

Doth make the murder farre more monstrous,  
But princes, in a word, behold the man  
That sawe the murder and can witnes it,  
Examine him, and let his proofes preuaile.

*Duke:* Lords, let not Lelios honor bleare your eies,  
Speake sirrha, Did Lelio kill Sempronio.

*Shep:* And shal please your honors grace and worships  
I for fault of a better shepheard to Lord Seruio heere,  
And vpon a time, let me see, O twas yesterday,  
when my masters sheep & I were at breakfast together  
I sawe Lelio and Sempronio fighting so long,  
That Lelio thrust his sword into Sempronios belly,  
Whereupon he died, and it shall please your worship-  
full worships,

All this wil I be forsworne to, with my neighbor Me-  
nalchus & good man Coridon, & the rest that fol-  
lowed the crie, with Slip my dog & others forsoth.

*Duke.* This homely tale doth sauer of truth.

*Ser:* Truth soundeth sweetly in a lilly tong.

*1. Sen:* Craft often lurketh in a shepherds coate.

*Shep:* Sir you do abuse our profesion,  
For Craft, goodman Coridons dog  
Nere wore coate nor breeches, Ile stand to it.

*For:* My Lord and father, breake contention off,  
The proofes are found, then let it not be sayde,  
Your mightines should be miscarried,  
By contradiction of two Senators.

*Duke:* My sonne, my silence tels me many things,  
By it I finde the deapth of each mans drifte,  
And gathering things by certaine circumstance,  
Am better able to discern the truth,



ordertake your places, and resolve on this,  
 That Lelio by approued truth is found  
 To be the murderer of Sempronio,  
 His lands and goods be seiz'd to publike vse,  
 We doome him dead. Besides, whateuer man  
 Can bring his head vnto the Senate house,  
 Shall haue a thousand crownes for recompence,  
 Paid him forth of our treasure,  
 Further, least private friends should succor him,  
 We do enact that whatsoeuer man,  
 Shall dare conceale or hide the murderer,  
 Shall be banisht, and his goods confiscat.  
 Senarors allow you this.

*Ser:* Iustice this sentence great Venetian Duke.

*2 Sen:* Remit thou yet thy sterne austeritie,  
 Most mightie prince, and be not so seuer,  
 Though Lelio by the lawe do merit death,  
 There is no lawe that may defraud his wife,  
 Or leaue his daughter without maintenanc.,  
 O grant thou this iust fauor mightie Duke,  
 That they may keepe possession of his house,  
 Although the common-wealth command his goods.

*Duke.* A lawfull plea which may not be denide,  
 Thy suite is granted, register it downe.  
 Now let our gard beset the citie round,  
 Search euerie house to finde out Lelio:  
 Meane while graue Senators, bethinke your selues,  
 Of some strict lawe against our Sessions,  
 That may repulle these insolent debates. *Exeunt omnes*

*Enter Brisco and Franco.*

*Brisco:* Sirrha Franco, what sayde olde Seruio to my  
 money







money.

*Fran:* Mary sir, as soon as his fore eies had overlooked it  
And his fingers trembling had ouertolde it,  
He tooke it vp, and verie furiously cast it into hell.

*Briish:* Into hell knaue, what meant thou by that?

*Fran:* Marie sir, into his chest I meane, the verie bot-  
tomlesse pit of vsurie, where I am sure God neuer  
came, but the deuil & his angels fil it vp to the brim.

*Briish:* Well sirrha, leaue your ieausting, and goc will the  
master of my barke to vnlode the wares, and see that  
at the crane you hoise them vp.

*Fran:* I will sir.

*Ex. Fran.*

*Enter Lelio.*

*Lel:* Where shall I hide me from too searching eies?  
Oh whether may I go to saue my life?

*Briish:* Me thinks I see my Lelio quite dismaid,  
What aileth thee my sonne?

*Lel:* O staie me not Briishio for thy daughters sake,  
Be not thou the meanes to bring me to my end.

*Briish:* Be not so foolish to mistrust thy friend,  
Thy troubles taint my weale.

*Lel:* Father by marriage, friend in my misdeed,  
Thus fortune hath deprest my weake estate,  
Sempronio found in Venice for my friend,  
Deare to my soule while he held vertue deare,  
Incenst thy daughter and my wedded wife,  
Who scorning to defame her ancient stocke,  
Disburnded his lewd suit within my eares,  
Hecereon in a rage I drew him to the field,  
There he lies slaine, I flie to saue my life,  
Now as thou art a father, for my sake.

A KNACKE TO KNOW

Pittie thy daughter and my wofull child,  
For by the law I am condemnd to die :  
Farewel, the rest who cannot tel, if you enquire.

*Briſh:* Stay Lelio, stay, if for my daughters sake thou  
flewest thy friend,

I for thy vertues sake will keepe thee close within my  
house,

And ship thee priuily this present night,  
So vnperceiu'd thou shalt escape awaie.

*Lel:* Hast thou not heard the sentence of the Duke?  
That who so succors me must loofe his goods,  
And liue a banisht life.

*Briſh:* Why thinkest thou threates shall make me leaue  
my friend?

When is the time for friends to shew themselues,  
But in extremitie.

I blesse sweet fortune that giues me such meanes,  
To shew how much I fauor true nobilitie.

*Lel:* What God wil haue, folly may not withstand.

*Briſh:* Go in my sonne, I wil be day, the night, the eue-  
ning, the morning to thee my sonne,

The day to helpe thee flie from foes pursuit,

The euen to giue thee rest from all thy toile,

No daie nor night shall I retaine my rest,

Till Briſhio know what thou art safely fled. *Ext: omnes.*

*Enter Sempronio disguised with Phillip.*

*Semp:* Here leaue me father, walke no further forth,

Leaue me supposed dead, reuiu'd by thee,

Hide thou my name, and couer from the world,

My fortunes and my birth, and all misdeeds,

Heere







AN HONEST MAN.

Here is that Venice that beheld me fond,  
Here is that Venice that shall beholde me wise,  
Looke how thy science hath disguisde these lookes,  
So hath thy counsell reconcilde my heart,  
I hate all worldly pompe, I scorne lewd lust,  
This tongue from tempting in dishonest loue  
Shall labour to releue the innocent,  
Farewell, thou knowest my vow,  
Which I haue sworne to keepe irreuocable,  
Neuer to disclose my name,  
Vntill such time as thou releasest me.

*Phil:* I wil conceale thy name, thy fortune & thy birth,  
Thy friends, and what thou wilt I will conceale,  
And now redeemed from the iawes of death,  
Loue deeds of vertue worthie Gentleman,  
And euerie daie discovering of thy wound,  
Thinke how thy God hath thus preserued thee.

*Sen:* Phillip farewell, and welcome pouertie,  
From sinfull proud, I waxe a cynike pure,  
Die fortune, flie deceit, flourish true repent,  
Sinne folly breeds, a good mans discontent.

*Enter Fortunio and Marchetto, with the gard.*

*For:* Marchetto, if thou louest me, grant me this,  
That if thou enter Lelios house thy selfe,  
I may accompanie or tend on thee.

*Mar:* Your Lordship cannot will or wish the thing,  
Wherein Marchetto will not pleasure you,  
The gard alreadie hath beset the house,  
And I will knocke and call for enterance.

*For:* Tell me Marchetto ere thou go,  
What precious thing is hid in Lelios house,

That

## A knacke to know

That likes thee best.

*Mar:* I long to be the Lord of all his coine.

*For:* And I long and labour for his daughters loue.

*Mar:* But by your patience, worthie Lord,

I deeme my choice is best,

For who so gaineth wealth,

Hath beautie tide as captiue to his coine,

And worldly pleasure tendeth on his traine.

*For:* But in respect of beautie, it is vaine,

Riches are baites to teach vs nigardines,

But beautie to be bountie teacheth meanest men.

*Mar:* Loue first wonne Dania in a golden shower.

*For:* But Dalia's ouerprest with power,

Wealth is the bodies slaue, but beauty guides the mind

And feeds the sense, and animates the wit.

*Mar:* But wealth by golden gifts commandeth it,

The fairest Ladies for a little bribe,

Will let Diogenes disport awhile,

Gold is a God in this desired age.

*Semp:* The more corrupter men that vse it so.

*For:* Why what art thou that listens our debate?

*Semp:* Euen he that scorns the world, & spurns at fates,

He that thinkes wealth a burden to the soule,

And he too fond that fondly vseth it,

He that thinkes beautie but a fraile delight,

The nurse of idlenesse, a bait for fooles,

Vnmeet for Princes, who should onely thinke,

To beautifie their soules,

Not to infect their hearts with outward shewes.

*Mar:* What new bred Cynike doth disturbe vs thus?

*Sem:* He that can teach thee how to chouse thy goods,

loyne







AN HONEST MAN.

Ioyne both thy hands, and blow them mightily.

*Mar:* To what intent?

*Sem:* Do what I bid thee man.

*For:* I praie thee please the cynike, fit his vaine.

*Mar:* Fellow beholde, I will effect thy will.

*Marchetto blowes his hands.*

*Semp:* What profit hast thou by that breath of winde?

*Mar:* Why, it warmes my hands.

*Sem:* But now the heate is laide.

*Mar:* It is.

*Sem:* Such is the golde, and so it doth abide,

A breath of pleasure wauering but a space,  
Maintaind by mightie care, but quickly lost.

Now Fortunio let vs see what beautie is,

Seest thou not this sprig, ist not fresh and greene,

Now looke againe, a litle violence makes it deform'd:

Why such is beautie sir, a bait wherewith the world

Doth angle arts, intangle towardnes,

Inforceth reason, trauerfeth aduice:

I praie thee let me serue thee Fortunio.

*For:* To what intent?

*Sem:* Because I hate thy course, and will instruct thee,

If thou be wise to marke, and proue, and know an honest man.

*For.* Well, I entertaine thee, thou shalt tend on me,

But first tell me, whence art thou?

Where wast thou borne?

*Sem:* I first was borne to be gentle,

Nature inforst the seed of good and bad in me,

Till death threatned to whip me for my finnes,

Mercie stept in, Repent shed teares and kist me,



A KNACK TO KNOW

Deuotion heald me, and new christned me,  
In my owne blood that dropped from this wound,  
And cald me Penitent experience.

*Eta serua uos tra fettissima seruidore siniore.*

*For:* Speakes in parables.

*Mar:* Let him attend, tis time to knocke vp Lelios  
housholde traine.

*He knockes.*

*Gnat:* *within.* Who knockes there?

*Mar:* The princes gard.

*Gna:* Gard, we haue no need of gards, go to the tailors,  
Keepe out I saie.

*Mar:* Sir, if I catch you.

*Gnat:* I and you can.

*Mar:* What a foole is this?

*Gnat:* What an asse is that?

*Enter Annetta and Lucida.*

*An:* What noyse is this?

What mean this troupe of armed men about my dore?

*Mar:* Madame, the Senate by a late decree,

Hath sent vs to make search for Lelio,

And if we finde him not, to seize his goods.

*An:* All what is his, my Lord, you may command,

The scourge which God afflicteth on our heads,

Is for our sinnes, we take our hartnes in gree,

Go when you will, search where you please,

And leaue the rest for this poore maid and me.

*Exit Marchetto and the Gard.*

*Fo:* Did euer eies behold so faire a face?

*Sem:* Looke not Fortunio, eies are arrowes keene,

That wounds all vnawares, and are not seene.

Why







an honest Man.

Why weeps this tender maid, why grieues the mother  
Tis I should weepe, and I will weepe for both,  
Fie on Sempronio that was so vnkind.

*Fo:* Fond man, why doest thou torment thy selfe?

*Sem:* I beate Sempronio for abusing thee.

Thou loose vnbridled man, the cause of harmes,

Pardon Annetta, pardon Lucida.

*Luc:* What ailes this aged man he stormeth so?

*Fo:* Some lunasie surpriseth me I feare,

Art thou Sempronio?

*Sem:* This is Annetta, that Lucida, thou Fortunio,

But I am not, Sempronio, but penitent experience

*Fo:* Faire Lucida, as bright as is the morning starre,

Drie vp thy teares, let not thy fathers fall

Depresse thy courage, but reniue thy spirits,

And think thy beautie sufficient to wed thee presently

*Lu:* Fortunio, now my wedding daies be past

I haue that husband which contents me best.

*Fo:* Words sounding death, may I thy husband know.

*Luc:* Why sir, I late am wedded to my wo,

With him I liue, he doth inioy my heart.

*Fo:* Tush madame, that mariage may bee quickly mad,

Beautie to dwell with wo were to be bad. *Here whisper.*

Heare me a word.

*Enter Marchetta with the gard.*

*Ma:* Madame, I see your husband hath priuented vs,

Well, let him flie, his chests are sealed vp,

The house and some small helps are left for you,

But if in this your extreame miserie,

You will vouchsafe to follow mine aduice,

I will assure you good and wealth inough.

## A knacke to know

*An:* As how my Lord?

*Mar:* Forget thy Lelios loue,  
Grant me possession of thy priuate bed.

*An:* Auant vnreuerend pailard, touch me not.

*Sem:* Here's first a knacke to know an honest Lady.

*Mar:* Tis but a tricke of youth, refuse not me.

*An:* Awaie dishonest man, abuse not me,

My pouertie is happines to me,  
So long as vertue guides and gouerne it,

Come Lucida, beware of subtile men.

Fly from these Sirenes that inchant chaste hearts,

Come let our toiling fingers get vs bread,

Before suspect should preiudice our names.

*For:* Good madame but a word, and then no more.

*Luc:* Sir, in a word you shalt not tempt me more,

I am too noble to forget my selfe,

Too chaste to be a princes concubine:

Offer your lewd assaultes among your curtizans,

I am no stale for your vnihonest lust: and so farewell.

*Sem:* Do so as thou hast sayd,

Thou shalt be crownd with honor, curteous maid.

*For:* Despisde and scornd, what should I but despaire,

*Mar:* Vse force, my Lord, & win what you wold haue.

*Sem:* I, here's a knacke to know an arrant knaue,

Vertue neare taught thee that.

She sets a bit vpon her brided lust,

She hath a water of a holy zeale,

To drowne the shame of vaine affection in,

*Mar:* Peace foolish foole, thou doest abuse our talke.

*Sem:* What doo these flatterers where free men walke?

Hearke my Fortunio, I will tell a tale,

An







an honest man.

An ox in Memphes with his poaring tongue,  
Licking in doctious weeds did so foretell  
His following death : a wretch like to my seife,  
Wearing Marchettos cloake, doth prophesie  
His following shame, vnles he mend his life.

*Enter Seruio, Franco, and the gard.*

*Ser:* Tis true my friends, I heard the pullic creak,  
The stirring crane did make a mightie noise,  
And by a rope I sawe descending downe,  
The cursed murderer, Lord Lelio.  
Tis Brishio succors Lelio, none else.

*Mar:* What news my friends, what makes Seruio vp?

*Ser:* Captaine, Lorde Lelio hether to hath kept in Brishios house,

And this night from his lee is slipt awaie,  
I sawe the anchor slipt, the sailes new hoist,  
Aske of this peasant if I teli not true.

*Mar:* Sirrha, didst thou see Lelio?

*Fran:* I marie did I sir.

*Ser:* What need we more?

*Fran:* Marie to know when I sawe him last,  
For the first time I sawe him was at his marriage.

*Fo:* Vnbend thy musket souldier in the locke,  
Presse me his thumbes, and make the slaue confesse,

*Here pinch him.*

*Fran:* O I confesse Lelio was slipt at our crane this  
night,

My master Brishio tooke him in,  
I agreed with the shipmaster, made cleane his shooes,  
And so laide him in the rope of our crane,  
And let him downe into the ship,

IN KIACKE TO KNOW

And he is gone into the Florentine campe.

*Ma:* So now let him loose, the truth apparant is.

*Fo:* Marchetto, go prosecute the Senates will,  
Attach Lord Brishio, seize vpon his goods,  
Come breake vp the doore.

*Exit omnis, manet Sempronio*

*& Seruio.*

*Sem.* Soft gentle friend, a word or two with you,  
From whence proceed these troubles that arise?

*Se:* For yong Sempronios death, my honest friend.

*Sem:* VVhy gentle fir, is young Sempronio dead?

*Se:* VVhy doubts thou that, I tell thee I haue sought  
and found it so.

*Sem.* VVhere was he buried?

*Se:* VVhy Sepheards brought me tidings of his death  
Some rauenuous beast did seize him for his praie.

*Sem:* And what hast thou lost or gotten by his death?

*Se:* I haue annuall rents two thousand pounds,  
The worth in plate of twice so many more,  
A few such breakfasts friend, would make me rich,  
Ile tell thee, euerie daie throughout the yere,  
Ile loose a kinsman to possesse so much.

*Semp:* Then not for loue thou bearest Sempronio,  
But for a colour of thy honest minde,  
Thou dost pursue Lord Lelio in this sort.

*Se:* A foole were I so to accuse my selfe,  
Thinke like a worldly man, that so it is,  
And so it is in deed, who longeth to be rich,  
Let him forget God but for a dozen yeres,  
He shall be rich, well landed, stout, and braue.

*Sem.* Wipe out that water from thy eies my friend.

*baA*

*Se:* VVhat







*Se.* VVhat ayleth me?

*Ser.* VVhy thou art blind and canst not see.

*Se.* Thou wilt not make me mad, Ile take my spectacles

*Ser.* Tush they auaille thee not, for thou art blinde in  
deede,

Looke in thy heart and finde an honest thought,

Then will I saie thy eyes are perfect cleere,

Looke in thy conscience, finde it not corrupt,

Then thou shalt see without thy spectacles.

*Se.* Awaie, thou art a knaue I saie, tempt me not.

*Ser.* Yes, but thou art an arrant couetous knaue, for all  
mine vnkle. *Exit Seruo.*

*Enter Fortunio and Marchetto, with Brisbio and  
his two sonnes.*

*Bri:* Tis true my Lord, I sauord Lelios flight,  
My loue hath crost the rigor of your lawes.

*Fo:* Did you foreknow the penaltie my Lord,  
That doomes you banishment and losse of goods.

*Bri:* All this I knew, but none of this I feare,  
True friendship lightneth all these burdenous harme  
If Lelio be escapt I feare no wants,

My exile to me is libertie,  
Go frutes of nature, I will leaue you heere,  
Go toward children, thriue among my friends,

Glut you with my excesse of Vanities,  
Feed your vncleane desires by spoiling me,  
Iwreake them not, so Lelio liue to me.

Not



THE KNACK TO KNOW

Not irkesome age, not lims with sicknes tir'd,  
Nor you my sonnes, nor all my other friends,  
Not fortune nor intreate shall keep me backe.

*Mar:* Whence growes thy resolution so austere?

*Briſh:* From honestie, my friends, which gouernes me,  
First Lelio mongst our chiefest citzens,  
Made me his father, and his vowed friend:  
Next, to defend my daughter from defame.  
He ventured life, And shall a little pelfe,  
These two yong boyes, make me forget my friend,  
That ventured life and vertue for my sake?  
No, I loue my Lelio, do what fortune can.

*Sem:* Why here's a knacke to know an honest man,  
Keepe him in Venice my Fortunio,  
When he is gone few such will staie behinde,  
For here our wonted faith is turn'd to fraud,  
Our periuries are counted policies,  
Our oaths are gates to catch the simple sort,  
Our curtesie is but noddiug of the head,  
Discouering the cap, or bending of the knee,  
Swearing I loue your honor good my Lord:  
The best dissembler hath the brauest wit,  
Come let me loue thee for thy Lelios sake,  
And when I meet him next Ile tel him more. *Ex. Sem.*

*Opre:* Deare father, who shall succor vs when you are  
dead?

*Briſh:* Your diligence, which can command the prou-  
dest miserie.

*Zeph:* What if your friends repine, and will not giue?

*Briſh:* Your hands, my sons, must teach you how to liue  
Courage and industrie can neuer want,

Vaine







an honest Man.

Vaine idlenesse growes wretched by it selfe,  
But diligence inableth poorest men.  
Well, must I to prison Lordes, or must I hence,  
Tell me the Senates sentence speedily.

*Fo:* Hie thee from Venice speedily, for if thou stay  
But two houres space, thou art adindged death.

*Brisb:* Farewell my Lord, and farewell gentle friend,  
Adieu my sonnes: nay weepe not,  
Commend me to your sister, loue her well,  
Defend her honor as you loue your liues.

*Zep:* Where nature parteth vs, there sorrow thriues.

*Exit Brisbio.*

*Ma:* Come, let vs let the Duke and Senate know,  
The whole successe and fortune we haue had.

*Exit omnis.*

*Enter Franco and Gnatto.*

*Gnat:* What Franco, wel met, whether art thou going?

*Fran:* Faith my master is gone awaie, and I am going  
a begging.

*Gnat:* A begging, why tis the best occupation thou  
canst vse,

A begger hath fve of the seuen liberall sciences  
At his fingers ends: he hath musike to sing for his dinner,  
he hath logicke to cauel with the constable, he  
hath rhetorike to perswade that hee should not go  
to the stockes, he hath Geometrie to measure out  
his bed in the plaine field, and he hath Astronomie  
to shew a warme sunne from a colde shade. Nay,  
He proue that a begger deuours the foure morall  
vertues at one breakfast: he's valiant when he must  
needs fight, he is liberall when he hath anie monie

## A knacke to know

to spend, and he is true if there be nothing to steale. A begger, why tis the ancientest occupation that is, it began at Adam, & wil neuer end til doomes day. But sir rha Franco, Ile tell thee what thou shalt do, go & professe thine olde occupation againe,

*Fran.* Whats that?

*Gnat.* O tis the best occupation that is for thee.

*Fran.* Why what profit can that yeld?

*Gnat.* Why, by being alwaies dronke thou shalt learne neuer to be sober. O the vertue of a dronkard is much, he speaks little because he sleeps much, he stands not vpon opinion, for euerie litle straw throwes him not downe: he is not proud, for his head is readie to salute euerie poast: nor hee is not enuious, for hee teares his stomacke open to euerie man, and sleepes as soundly on a donghil as on a downe bed. Mary one thing, he is subiect to impatience, for once a daie he sees the deuill.

*Fran.* And truly for that cause Ile blesse my selfe,  
Ile to the Duke of Millanes campe to my master,  
And there professe beggerie: stay thou heere  
To professe dronkennes: and so farewell. *Ex: Fran:*

*Gnat.* Go thou to beggerie, Ile to the butcherie,  
The prouerbe is true that I tell to you,  
Tis better to be dronken and drouisie,  
Than hunger starued and lousie. *Ex: Gnatto.*

*Enter Annetta and Lucida with their worke  
in their handes.*

*An:* Come Lucida, here let vs sit awhile,

My







My father is banisht, and my husband is fled,  
 And that which grieues my hart, my brethren poore,  
 And we not able for to succor them.

*Lu:* Good mother cease your plaintes, for heere comes  
 one.

*Enter Sempranio.*

*Sem:* Fortunio my master mad in loue,  
 Must haue this Lucida, or he will die,  
 And I supposd to be a worldly man,  
 Must be a meane, and stale to win his loue :  
 But whereas penitent experience pleads for lewd lust,  
 The lecher neuer thriues,  
 But here bring / the sacred chest of gold,  
 Giftes, which if prouerbs lie not, will tempt the Gods:  
 Yonder sits chastitie at beauties feete,  
 Madames, God speed your works, & speed your frinds  
 And speed your foes, but speed your vertues more.

*Lu:* welcome honest friend.

*Sem;* soft, first proue mine honestie,  
 And heare my message ere you praise me much,  
 And this is it, A lewd and lustie Lord,  
 Traiud vp in idlenes, hath late beheld faire Lucida,  
 And longs to lie with her,  
 And hoping by rewards to win her loue,  
 He sends this casconet clogd with gold and pearle,  
 First to Annetta to make her a baud,  
 Next to faire Lucida to make her a whoore,  
 But if Annetta be as chaste and wise,  
 As when she countercheckt Sempranio,  
 If Lelios vertue liue in Lucida,  
 Returne me backe with strokes and railing wordes,  
 Scratch out my eies for bringing lewd attempts,

But if you meane to trie a trick of youth,  
And vaine necessitie kils honestie,  
Here take this golde, but here withall receiue  
A thousand curses from Sempronios ghost,  
This halter to dispatch thee, least thy guilt,  
Should breed more dishonor in thy fathers cares.

*Luc:* Who sent thee fellow, to seduce vs thus?

*Sem:* Fortunio Lucida, a mightie man,  
But if true vertue gouerne thy affects,  
Make thou a marble rocke of this white breast,  
Against the sea of euerie loued assault.

*An:* The strangest message that I euer heard,  
Fortunio shewed but little wit in this,  
To trust his secrets with so seuer a man.

*Sem:* Why *Annetta*, I haue dealt in honestie,  
I haue discourst my masters minde at large,  
And therein shewed the dutie that I owe:  
Next lyke a councellor and friend besides,  
I giue thee this aduice, and therein let thee know,  
How much I honor noble Lelio.

Ah but when I thinke vpon Sempronio.

*An:* Why what of him?

*Sem:* How imperiously he sought to win thy loue.

*An:* Tell me the rest.

*Sem:* I cannot choose but weepe amaine.

*Luc:* Why dydst thou know the man?

*Sem:* O no, not I, for I am penitent Experience,  
Madames, I know gold cannot conquer you,  
Faire Lucida doth scorne Fortunios lust,  
And for that vertue which I see in both,  
Receiue the gifts I will bestow on you.







To thee chaste madame, Lelios best beloued,  
I giue this scalpe, and pray thee euerie daie  
Beholding it, to thinke vpon thy end:  
Which sight will so restraine all worldly lust,  
As thou shalt die to sin, and liue to God,  
To thee faire Lucida I do present  
This booke, whereon is written,  
Thy fathers pedegree and famous line,  
Each morning when the golden Sunne appears,  
And glides the mountaine tops, peruse it well,  
There reading marke but honor of thy race,  
Take heed least lewdnes do thy fame deface,  
Replie not, get you in, the Crocodile is coming forth

*Here put them in at doore.*

That weeping will deuour you.  
This is the featiuall of holy Marke,  
Yond come the pompious shew.

*Enter the shew on the Stage.*

*Vanitas vanitatum, & omnia vanitas,*  
Vaine ceremonies, customes of the world,  
This daie our Lordes of Venice wonted bee,  
To sacrifice in triumph to the sea,  
And march in pompe vnto the Arcedan,  
For this great state built in a starrie nooke,  
An angle of the Andrie arctike sea,  
For happinesse and long continuance,  
More blest than Rome it selfe,  
Vaine customes doth obserue,  
But yond come my master and Marchetto forth,  
Now you that long to see the guise of sinne,  
How one makes two, and two increaseth foure,

*Handwritten notes:*  
125 of  
Joseph Johnson  
Marchetto  
Lucida

And sinne in gathering head growes infynite,  
Let him beholde examples in these loues.

*Enter Fortunio and Marchetto.*

*For:* Here comes my cynicall attendance  
Wee shall haue newes what Lucyda intendes.

*Sem:* Goe cast thee headlong from a mounttaine top,  
Or in the deepest seas goe drowne thy selfe,  
Goe liue thou wretch among the barbarous beasts,  
Where Italy may neuer heare thy name.

For vertue vowes to laugh in looking on,  
To see you perish in your peeuishnes,

*For.* A dreadfull enterance to a dolfull tale,  
Speake man, what newes from Lucyda?

*Sem:* shee spyes thy poyssoned message in thy face,  
Shee scornes thy gyftes, and vowes to hate thee euer,  
To thee lewd loffell fayre Annetta sends,  
A troope of curses chayned with bitter sighes,  
Come Lordes lets lyghten vs of heauie things,  
There lies my cloake & cap, now throw your swoordes  
aside,

And let vs three lyke fleeting vnycornes,  
Runne blushing through the streets in to the wood,  
There let Fortunio cut Marchettos throat,  
That councelled him to rauish chastytie,  
There penitent experience with his bat,  
Shall beate Fortunios tender wanton sides,  
That sought to spoyle holy virginie,  
Lastly my selfe will syt and teare my haire,  
And weepe vntil I choake my selfe with wet,  
To see nobilytie so much disguisd.

*For:* Hence sorrow, boding messenger be gone,

Rage







all honore  
Rage now shall ouer rule discretion,  
Gather thy frends Marchetto follow mee,  
This nyght wee will surprise them in their beds,  
And teach them kyndnes who will learne no loue.

*Mar:* Here is perfect valour in a noble man,

*Sem:* here is perfect villany sprong from thy lyps.

*Exit omnis, manet Sempronio.*

*Enter one of the Senators with Brishios two fornes.*

*Sen:* Now gentelmen what seeke you at my hands?  
*Orp.* My Lord wee hope that for the aunient league,  
Betwixt our Father and your worthie selfe,  
You will vouchsafe somewhat to succour vs.

*Sem:* What gentelmen and begeres, fye for shame,

*Sep.* Pay not our hopes with scornes,  
Our father vsed you better in your wants.

*Sem:* Thou talkest of matters fortie yeres ago,  
The worlde thats now differs from that was then,  
Men are more neere and deeter to themselues  
But if you want a cup of drinke or so,  
Stand at my dore my man shall bring it you.

*Exit Senator.*

Ha ha ha, a worldling ryght, the poets song  
Was well applied in this,  
For like the antes they eate the gaine of mens wealth,  
But flye them lyke the fiends when they are salne,  
These Cicero and Aristotle tearm'd a troope of seruile  
Base dishonest men,  
Stay here, here cometh more, stand by awhile.

WVee shall behold the world anatomiz'd,

*Enter the other Senator reading a letter.*

The Florentiens of late haue fought a field,

Wherein

Whercin Lord Lelio hath deserued well,  
 For why, his countrie scornes to succour him,  
 Lord Brishio tendeth on the Millane camp,  
 And hath atchieued many a worthie deed.  
 I ioy to heare of Brishios good successe,  
 Your marchandise are solde, and we haue sent  
 Bills of Exchange to receiue the monie,  
 A merrier heart hath Treuerey for that.  
 How now you fausie youths, stand backe I say,  
 What make you lingering here about my doores?

*Zep:* I hope your Lordship knowes vs well.

*Senat:* I would you knew your selues as well as I,  
 Go get you hēce, it is for yong men to ply their books,  
 To practife musicke, and delight in armes,  
 And not to loiter vp and downe the streets.

*Orph.* Dishonest Lord, our father in thy wants  
 Did vse thee better,

And wilt thou leaue his sonnes in miserie?

*Senat:* When Brishio and I meete, wele talke of that:  
 Let him come craue himselfe, he answere him.

*Zeph:* Why he is banisht, and may not returne.

*Senat:* The better cause haue I to cast him off,  
 I will not raise my house to raise you vp,  
 Let me see, you are two good tall youths,  
 And fit for souldiers, goe you to Millane to,  
 VVhere your father is, liue by the warres,  
 And do not vex vs in peace, for you get not a pennie  
 of mee.

*Exit Senat.*

*Orph.* These strange repulses make me desperate,  
 Speake brother Zepherus, what shall we do?

*Sen:* How now yong gallants, what distempers you?

Tut,







But grieue not thus at worldly chances,  
If sinne were dead vertue were neuer scene.  
Are you the sonnes of Brishio gentle friends?  
*Zep:* VVe are the sonnes of haplesse Brishio.  
*Sem:* And these ranke churles whom earst your father  
tude,

By many great deserts vnto his house,  
Haue lett you thus in your extremities.  
Giue me your hands you reliques of renowme:  
Now haue I got an Empire to my minde,  
A vent for my religious charitie,  
Hold take these iewels, buy you what you want,  
But heedfully beware of gourmandize,  
Lead you a sober decent comely life,  
Remember truly the effects of things,  
Before you shall affect and make your choice.  
Heare in a word, who made the planets seuen,  
First sent downe loue and charitie from heauen,  
But auarice was christned in hell,

Speake holy men, haue I not counceild well?  
*Orp:* What man art thou that fauourst miserie?

*Sem:* Euen he that thankes my God,  
That sends mee ought whereby to succour you,  
And call me Penitent experience,  
Who giues thee thanks for what thy father did,  
VVho giues thee thanks for what thy brother did,  
And charge you both, as you are noble borne,  
To let me see your weapons presently.

*Zep:* Take them and vse them gentle minded man.

*Sem:* Here are the blades well polisht faire and bryght.  
Were it not pittie Sirs that these swordes

E

Should

Should rust within their sheathes of blisse?  
While some Venetian lecher and his mate,  
Should rauish thy sister and deflower thy neece.

*Orp.* What swords are these trind, reporte the truth?

*Sem.* This night Annetta, and faire Lucida,  
If gods and trindes forsake them in their wantes:  
By lawlesse rauishers will be surpassed:

I meane to succour them, if you refuse  
Giue me my Jewels, for I will succour none  
That leaues their sisters in extremitie.

*Or.* God leaue vs, if we forsake our trindes,  
Or leaue our sister in extremitie.

*Semp.* Then take more Jewels, heire tall men:  
And vnderneath this wall, watch all this night:  
If any man shall attempt to breake your sisters doore,  
Be stout, assaile him, kill him, for his cause is bad.

*Zep.* Lead vs the way, and we will follow thee,  
For in our sisters cause wele spend our blood.

*Sem.* The gaine is yours, the glory must be Gods,  
Who made you to defend the innocenets. *Exit omnis.*

*Enter Forsa Duke of Myllan, with Brishio and his traine.*

*Enter Medesa Duke of Florence, with Lelio and his  
traine at the other doore.*

*For.* Now Brishio, since thy country Venice scorneth  
thee.

And thou an abiect wretch exild from thence:  
Yet I haue made thee champion of my right,  
If thou expect the cause, it is for dowrie,  
The which the Florentines denies to pay:  
In right of marriage, with faire Orrelio my wedded  
wife.

For







## an honest Man.

For this thou fightes, now get the victory,  
And thou hast purchast Country, lyfe and friends,  
*Br.* Reason no more my Lord,  
For vertue plucketh occasiō ere he draweth his sword.  
Look on great Princes, and see an old man fight.  
Euen as the candel falling downe aside,  
Then burneth brightest when it gins to fayle,  
In age, so I will shewe greate valor,  
And will not now submit,  
*Fo.* I take thy word, God mantaine now the right,  
*Me.* Now Lelio I haue laid the burden of my warre  
on thee:

Thou art the champion of my weale or woe:  
Deceiue not my firme hope, but in a manly fight?  
Attempt the winning of this happie day,  
*Le.* By those moyst teares which with a mournful hart,  
I often shed vpon Sempronios herst:  
And by the loue I beare Annetta faire:  
Naught but my death, shall make me lose thy right,  
More then my life, I cannot hazard mighty Florentine  
*Mede.* I like thy courage gentleman: charge the com-  
batants. *Here sound Trompets.*

*Le.* Whom doe my eyes behold, art thou not Brishio  
my father?

Who forsaking weale and friends,  
Madest thy choyse of baleful banishment,  
Rather then liue and see me banisht.

*Bri.* Art not thou Lelio whom my zealous prayers,  
Haue alwaies wisht, and wild thy greatest good,  
Cease trumpets cease, we two must neuer fight.

*Le.* What meaneth thy champion Medesa to faynt. ?

## A knacke to know

*Me.* What meanes thy champion *Forsa* that he faints.

*Bri.* To combate with my sonne were worse then death.

*Lelio.* To combate with my father were my death?

*Forsa.* Father and sonnes, both champions in our wars.

*Mede.* Brother and brother, causer of the same

*Forsa.* What fauor merit they, who loue so well?

*Mede.* What infamy deserue we that contend?

See *Forsa* these champions are so kinde they cannot fight.

Shall wee contend for tytles wretchedly,

While meaner men contend in perfect loue.

*Lelio:* A pardon *Medesa* all the world beside.

Had not this man, this father of my wife:

Incountr'd me, I would haue died and perisht in thy cause.

*Bri.* A pardon *Forsa*, had not this vertuous husband of my child.

Incountr'd me, I would haue died and perisht in thy cause.

*For.* Rise combatants, you teach vs what to do,

Come *Medesa*, loyne you hands,

And let these two which loue so well,

Be Iudges of our warres, and let it end.

*Me.* Brother content. Now champions end debate:

What you conclude, shall make a peace with vs:

*Bri.* See see, my sonne, our loue hath well nigh made their peace.

Princes, are you agreed to determine warre by vs?

*For.* I *Bri.* now we are agreed.

*Bri.* Then tell me mightie Duke, but dally not.

Louest







## an honest Man.

Louest thou *Orelia* as a husband should?

*For.* I loue and honour her in word and soule

*Bri.* Then nothing is to deare for her my leech.

*For.* Ile hazard life, and all to doe her good.

*Bri.* Performe hir Ioynter then, and keepe thy worde.

*For.* Then let the Florentine pay me her dowrie.

*Le.* Feare not my Lord, the Florentines are men that honor right.

Speake great Italian Duke, shall it be bruted in the cares of men?

That *Forsa* graunts all dewtie vnto thee,

And thou denie her right of marriage.

*Me.* Tis pittie that gold should part two noble minds,

Here *Forsa* take my hand, this night one tent

Shall lodge vs both, & here a legare, shal my mony lie,

Vntill my treasurer hath brought thy dew.

*For.* Then march in peace, here endeth all our hate.

Thus poore mens loue, doth great mens harines debate.

*Exit omnis.*

*Enter Zepheron and Orphinio with the Souldiers.*

*Zep.* This is the place now fellowes, stand close a while,

If any shall attempt to scale these walles,

Affault him, and kill him if you can,

For death is too good an end for him that fauours dishonestie.

*Or.* I heare them comming: brother now stand close.

*Enter Fortunio and Marchetto and Sempronio.*

*Fo.* Now sleepe the Sunne in Thetis lickored lap:

And watery eyes are pleased with pleasant rest:

Now playes the siluer Moone vpon the Sea,

And all the traine of twinckling starres adorne:

## A knacke to know

The hollow compasse of our heauens spheare,  
This is the place where I must purchase life, or end my  
dayes.

Marchetto boldly knocke, to see if by permission  
We may enter in, lest rumor will bewraye vs this dark-  
some night.

*Here Marchetto knockes.*

*Gnat. within.* How nowe what scabis at the doore at  
this time of the night.

*Mo. Sirra,* tel thy mistresse Fortunio is at hand to speake  
with her.

*Gna. within.* Soft sir, keepe out I say, least I make garters  
of your guttes, footeballes of your faces, ho let  
forth the dogges there.

*Fo. Sirra* dispatch, and call your Mystresse foorth,  
Or with my sword Ile send thy soule to hell.

*Gnat.* Way way, you may carry the message thether  
your selfe, for poore mens soules were made for  
heauen, and the rich for hell.

*Enter Annetta and Lucyda.*

*Annetta* What noyse is this, what meaneth you thus  
to assault a haplesse Ladies house?

*Ma.* Annetta my faire loue, my hartes sole Queene,

*An.* Auauunt dishonest man, disturber of the poore:

I know thy drift, I know Fortunio comes,

To heape dishonor on my haplesse house:

But you may be gone and get you to your rest,

For no man entreth these doores this night.

*Mar.* Seize I this haggard Ile make her stoope.

Heaue







an honest Man.

*Fo* Heave me the doores from of the hinges straight.

*Zep.* VVho listes his handes to force these barred doores.

Shall buy his rashnes with his dearest blood.

*Fo.* VVhat hath she champions to resist vs then?

*Orphi. I,* such as scorne to be disgrac'd by thee:

*Fo.* Downe with the slaues, fellowes beat them down.

Giue light.

*Marchet.* Fortunio is slayne Souldiers, goe rayse the watch.

*Semp.* The Prince is hurt, Zepheronus and Orphinio flye a pace.

*Fo.* My sences fayles, O helpe me to my bed.

*Scm.* Leane on my shoulder and let vs goe.

*Exit Sempronio and Fortunio.*

*Enter Marchetto and Seruio.*

*Marchet.* These are the Traitors Seruio, laie hands on them.

*Sev.* VVhoes this, Orphinio and Zepheronus.,  
The sonnes of Brishio, performers of this deede.

*Ma.* Goe Seruio keepe them close, tell I enforme the Duke.

And visit young Fortunio in his bed. *Exit Marchetto.*

*Se.* VVhat ho Phillyda my gerle come forth here.

*Enter Phillida.*

*Phil.* VVhat would my father?

*Se.* Go take these prisoners, & see thou keep them close  
Locke them in the vpper loft till I returne.

*Orph.* Vse vs like gentle men we craue no more.

*Ser.* Vse you like knaues, for you deserue no lesse, go  
get you hence.

*Exit omnis: manet Seruio.*

So

## A knacke to know

So now shall I see the end of Brishioes race,  
Now shal Sempronioes death be well reuenged.  
First will I goe to the Duke, and there procure their  
death,

And hast againe to see their execution done.

*Exit.*

*Enter Phillida with the keyes.*

*Phil.* Whether will loue and dewtie lead me now?  
To whom shall I submit in these extreames.  
If to my father, then my Lord must die:  
Louely *Orphinio*, and young *Zepheronio*:  
My cruell father now, doth seeke their deathes:  
And now in hast is gone vnto the Duke,  
That both of them this morne may lose their heads.  
But Ile prevent him, for here Ile set them free,  
And hazard all their perill on my selfe.

*Here open the doore, and Enter the two brethren.*

*Phi.* *Orphinio* come forth.

*Or.* What seeks thou louely maide, amongst wretched  
men?

*Phil.* I seeke for loue, saw you not him of late.

*Ophi.* He neuer keepes, where wretched men abide.

*Phil.* Yes, yes *Orphinio* down in thy eyes he keepes:

But now to tell you dangers that are prest,

And you must seeke prevention out of hand,

For Corrodino by Marchettoes mouth,

Hath taken order that to morrow morne,

Young *Zepheronio* and you shall lose your heads.

*Zep.* O cruell sentence vpon Innocents;

For what we did was in our sisters cause.

*Orph.* How doth *Fortunio*?

Like







an honest Man.

*Phil.* Like the dying man: but greeue not Orphinio:  
Hardest not thou what loue did promise late:  
Wilt thou protest if I do set thee free,  
And thou returne to Venice safe againe,  
Vouchsafe to take me to thy wedded wife.

*Orp.* I vow before the mighty God of heauen,  
To wed and honor none but Phillida.

*Phil.* I take thy word, and soone shall set thee free:  
Here take my fathers signet,

Giue it to the Porter of the gates, and hee will let you  
passe: and so farewell my sweete Orphinio: I  
cannot stay, and in thy Iorney thinke on Phil-  
lyda. *Exit Phillida.*

*Or.* Danger then must hasten our departure:  
Farewell sweet Phillida, Queene of my heart. *Exit.*  
*Enter Seruio solus.*

*Ser.* Welcom sweet morne, the meanes of my delight:  
God and my industrie hath wrought thus much:  
In iust reuenge of my Sempronios death.  
First Lelio banisht, next Brishio to liue in misery:  
And last, his sonnes to day must suffer death:  
Haue I not foure for one. *Enter the Porter.*

*Por.* Good morrow, and good fortune to my Lord.

*Ser.* How now Porter, what newes?

*Por.* I bring your honors signet backe againe,  
Which gaue me warrant for two gentlemen.  
To passe the gate & watch some two howres since.

*Ser.* My signet knaue, to passe two gentlemen:

Alas poore slaue hast thou been ouer watcht?

*Por.* Why looke on the ring my Lord?

*Ser.* Why thou wilt not make me madde I am surc?

F

Come

## A knacke to know

Come let me see, the marke is mine:  
I feare me heers some villanie.  
What Phillida come forth, my heart misgiues,  
I pray thee hold my head.

*Enter Phillida.*

*Phil.* Father did you call?

*Ser.* Thou Challet carrine drab, who tooke this signet  
from my finger, speake?

*Ph.* You aske me questions past my knowledge.

*Ser.* Where are the keyes that lockt the vpper loft?

*Ph.* Fast vnderneath the pillow where you sleepe.

*Se.* Go fetch them hether, lets see them straight,  
Goe call vp my neighbors: Fayries haunt my house.

*Exit Phillida.*

*Ser.* This ring was yesterday night vpon this thumbe,  
Yet hath two deuils gotten it abroad:  
And gotten passage through my castell gates:  
And here a worse then Lucifer him selfe,  
Doth bring it backe, to haunt me with suspect.

*Enter Annetta, Lucida and Gnatto.*

*An.* Hie thee good Gnatto, bring vs to the house,  
If yet my brothers bide with Seruio:  
Ile to the Duke and moue Fortunio,  
For what they did was in my honors right.  
See where old Seruio sits.

*Gnat.* Tis such a wold fraud foole, I am loth to speake

*Enter Phillida with the keyes.*

*Phil.* Fāther heere are the keyes.

Fetch forth the prisoners let me see their lookes,

*Exit Phillyda.*

*In:* God Speed you Sir in the way of honistic. My mi-  
stresse







stresse would know, whether her brethren bee  
prisoners in your house, or no,

*Seruo* .I, tell her, and I hope ere noone to see them  
hanged.

*Gnat*. I told you what would come out,  
He spake as though hee would spit his stomp in my  
mouth. *Enter Phillida.*

*Phil*. A las alas father, we are all vndone,  
Orphinio and Zepherius are fled.

*Ser*. Tell me that my soule hath left my flesh:  
How, when, where, whether, howe should they bee  
gone?

*Gna*. Fine and braue mistresse, your brethren are gone.

*Ser*. Villaine why did they passe, you minkes, you  
Minion, you haue let them loose.

*Phil*. Good father do not censure me amisse.

*Ser*. Hence callet, harlot, worse then nought:  
For thou hast lost me and my prisoners:

I am vndon, my credit's crackt, my honor's lost & gone:  
I'am a reprobate and cast away, Ile to the Duke,  
Packer thou to hell thou wretch, come not in my sight,  
But get thee gone.

*Exit Seruo and Phillida.*

*An*, How glad am I my brethren are escapt,  
Come sirra, vex the silly wretch no more.

*Exit omnis.*

*Enter Orphinio, Zepherius and Lelio.*

*Zeph*. Good fortune to our brother Lelio.

*Le*. O happie relickes of a worthy man,  
Young Zepherius, and kinde Orphinio.

How wends the word, in Venice with our friends:

How fares Annetta, how liues Lucida.

*Or.* The worse doth still preuaile,  
Marchetto hath attempted thy faire wife.

Fortunio sought, to rauish Lucida:

And we rescuing them haue hardely scapt with lyfe,

*Le.* Like as the Palme vnto the Egyptian sagges,

That in three hundred daies, and sixtie five:

Is seemliest and fully brought to passe,

Euen so your tydings to sad Lelio,

Importeth my exceding yeare of grieffe.

That hath three hundred woes and sixtie five,

And sixtie five, three hundred sorrowes more.

*Zep.* To greeue thy sorrowes without mending them  
is vanitie,

Lelio, behold occasion fauoures thee.

*Le.* Why are your swords vnsheathd you noble frinds?

Doth pittie moue you by a blessed death to ende my  
wooes.

O welcome is that sword that flyts this hart.

*Orp.* Thou seest our Father in declyning age,

Is banisht quite for sauing of thy life,

And we his sonnes, vnlesse he doth returne,

Are neuer like to visit Venice more:

Resolue you then to hye you backe againe,

And by thy head, reuoke our exiled Sire,

Or by our swords, prepare thy selfe to dye.

*Le.* Is this the cause that makes you so vnkinde:

Will Lelios head, or heart, or any part,

Be comforters to Brishio and his sonnes?

Put vp your swords, wee will not square for this.

That







That I may see my father ere I go,  
And thank him for his many curtesies.

*Enter Brishio.*

*Zep.* See where he comes, occasion fauours thee.

*Bri.* Godbless my sonnes, ryse ryse, & speake to me:  
Haue you not some Venetian frinds vnkinde.

*Or.* Their friendship, with thy fortunes tooke an end.

*Bri.* I thought on lesse, but why is Lelio so discontent:  
Tut giue ouer man, the streame wil run with vs at last.

*Le.* I come to thanke my father for his loue,  
And pray him by those armes he honors most,  
To daigne my dutiful and kind adew.

*Le.* Why whether goes my sonne so suddenly?

*Bri.* To Venice father, to redeeme your banishment.

*Bri.* I am not banisht, you wrong my fames?  
Liuing for him, I liue at libertie.

*Zep.* But Lelio must not liue, vnlesse he be resolu'd  
To hie to Venice, that thou maicst returne.

*Le.* These are thy children Brishio, these exceede  
In kindnesse towards thee, and towards mee.

Oh honors to your father and to mee:

Let me imbrace you for your curtesie.

Brishio fare well, accept a thousand thanks.

*Bri.* Why, who willes thee hence?

*Zep.* Father, they will him hence, that will be actors  
In his Tragedie, vnlesse he to Venice go speedily,  
And quit thee from this exile with his head,

*Bri.* These are not Brishios sonnes, bids Lelio hence:

These are not Brishios sonnes that draw their swords:

Thou art my sonne, these two are fortunes slaues;

Auant vaineboyes, come not in my sight,

By heauen and heauens adorning sunne,  
These are no sonnes of mine that sinne so much.  
*Or.* Ashamd, we beg a pardon at thy hands,  
*Br.* Ashamd, I beg a pardon at thy handes,  
In rendring nature, that hath lost thy power,  
To breed such manslayers in an honest stocke.  
*Le.* O bend not those knees, to which nature bends.  
*Zep.* O Lelio sue our pardons, plead for vs,  
Our iudgements were disgraced by our loues.  
*Le.* Ryse father of kinde sonnes, sonnes kinde to father,  
Brothers vnkinde, in kindnesse to your brother:  
I kinde to churlish of my kinde,  
Do yeeld kind death, to sue your liues  
*Br.* Swear pnytence, lewd boyes,  
Submit to Lelio humbly on your knee,  
Else will I neuer blesse you gracelesse youthes.  
*Or.* We humbly craue submission of our brother.  
*Br.* And thou my sonne, nay more then sonne my frind  
Here plight thy fayth to bide and stay with me,  
Or I shall think my loue but spent in vaine.  
*Le.* I vow to be as sequest to my Father,  
And with my heart I do forgiue my brothers.  
*Bri.* Then will I now incorporate these Lads,  
And hug them in my arme, and hold them deare.  
Now wil I hold a festiuall to day,  
For Lelio, Zepherius and Orphinio:  
*Le.* And I with fauour of my noble Lord,  
Will first giue order to my souldiers,  
And then returne to Brishio in his tent.  
*Br.* Be carefull of thy charge my noble sonne,  
I will not hinder thee in vertuous things,

But







an honest man.

But let vs meete againe before we march,  
For I haue many things for to impart to thee.  
*Le.* My busines past I will reuisit thee.

*Exit omnes, manit Lelio.*

*Le.* In what a world of troubles am I tost,  
To Venice Lelio, rid thy fathers cares.  
I but Brishio will accuse thy breach of faith.  
But while I heere remayne his griefes increafe,  
I am resolut, father, frinds, farewell,  
I will to Venice with a merry hart.  
And in what eare disguise I can prouide,  
Visit Annetta my distressed wife,  
And so redeeme my fathers banishment. *Exit Lelio.*

*Enter the Duke of Venice with the Senator & Seruio bound.*

*Duke.* Bring tortors forth, bring me a cord,  
Stretch me the villanes lymes, force him to confesse.  
What, haue I made thee the marquesse of Saint Marks  
And gaue thee charge of all the Citie keyes,  
And hast thou playd me such a part,  
To let those caitiue boyes escape my hands.

*Ser.* Iust God great Duke, can witness it with me,  
With what great griefes I lost the prisoners.

*Duke.* Who doubtles but God beholds thy treachery,  
And therefore the minister of God,  
Will punish thee and make thee to confesse  
Whether corruption or affliction

Made thee discharge the prisoners of my wrath.

*Se.* Racke me to death, shew all extremities,  
You shall bur wrecke your wrathes on Innocense.

*Duke.* This is but delaying, racke him I say. *Exit Phil.*

*Phil.* Worke no iniustice great Venetian Duke,

## A knacke to know

Vnbind my aged father cruell man,  
These pangs belongs to none but guiltie soules:  
Inflict them then on those that merit them.

*Se.* What art thou that hinders Iustice so.

*Phil.* The haplesse daughter, of this haplesse man:

I stole my fathers keys by night:

I freed Orphinio, and Zepheronio.

And if this deed doe meryt death my Lord,

Let lose my father, wrecke your hate on mee.

*Duke.* If you be she that set my prisoners free,

I am the Iudge, and sentence thee to dye:

Slaues strangle her, let Seruio be releast.

*Ser.* Oh pardon the daughter, let the father dye,

*Phil.* Why stay you ministers, is not the sentence past,

Must I not dye?

*Enter Sempronio, with Fortunio bound.*

*Sem.* No marry must you not you foolish girle.

Good Lord how apt the world is now adaies,

To finde inuention to destroy a man:

VWhen as the greatest arts of our age,

Can neuer make or hardely mend a man.

Great Corridino, let me counsell thee,

If thou wilt punish damned and wretched men:

Put me these gray beards quickly from their seates,

And racke them soundly, and they will confesse,

How they preferre their gold before their God,

Their lands and honors, before their honestie,

Or if thou wilt conceiue the truth of things,

See here the man, who drawne by lawlesse lust:

Did seeke sinisterly in time of night,

In company of that lewd letcher there,

To







To rauish Lucida Lord Lelios daughter,  
And force the mother, in whose iust defence,  
Orphinio and Zepherius drew their swordes.  
Then were these young men Iustifiers of right:  
And this lewd man, was he deserued death.  
Looke on this prisoners face, you know him well,  
The world esteemes him next a kin to you.  
*Duke.* Fortunio what my sonne, what meanes these bandes?  
*For.* What else but bandes belong to guilty men,  
Why should my greatnes couer my misse deeds?  
Or poore men suffer for a great mans sinne?  
O Father roote from forth your royall Court,  
This cursed flatterer, that seduced me:  
We two deserue to die.

*Releasing Zepherionio and Orphinio.*

These prisoners haue done thee honor, for by wounding me  
They haue preferud their sister from a rape,  
Me from perpetual shame, thee from much griefe:  
Therefore if Iustice punish any one, begin with vs: (twist  
Else wil the prouerb hold, smalest flies are tangled in thy  
When greater far breaks through and force the web.  
*Duke.* Seruio and Phillida, your iudgement is,  
To loose Fortunios bandes:  
Fortunios paines is to embrace old Corodinos necke.  
I thanke my God that hath reclaymed thee,  
And made thee flye the vanities of youth,  
Now without feare shall I incounter death,  
When I am sure thy wanton daies are past.  
But thou vngratious man, passe from my Court,  
And exild to the world.  
Come my Fortunio let vs enter in

And establish this perpetual law hence forth,  
That but in causes meereley capitall,  
A noble man submitting of him selfe,  
And after being reconciled to God,  
Shall haue his pardon without preiudice.  
*Se.* This likes me well, now growes the world to frame,  
Fortunio now hath learn'd to know a knaue:  
And is expert to prooue an honest man.

*Exit omnis.*

*Enter Lelio like a Colliar.*

*Le.* VVill you buy any Coles, fine small Coles.  
Thus haue I entred Venice in disguise,  
And through the streets haue gotten vnespied,  
Silence Lelio, my thinks my doore doth ope,  
Ah yonder comes my wife and daughter forth,  
How fares Annetta, how doth Lucida.

*An.* VVhat Lelio, my Lord in this disguise?

*Lu.* A happie sight to, see my fathers face.

*Le.* O comfort of my erst esteemed life:

How do your sighes reuiue my drouping minde?

*An.* But wherefore doth my Lord thus venture life?

And come to Venice for to fetch his death?

*Le.* I come to rid thy father from his banishment,

And to endow my daughter Lucida.

come reselud to Venice here to die:

Come hether daughter, thou knowst it is proclaym'd,

That who so brings me to the Senate house,

Shall haue a thousand Crownes for recompence.

Now therefore Lucida I yeeld to thee:

Take thou the gold, and yeeld me to them straight,

And let my death, end all your myseries.

*Lu.* Curfed be that gold that's bought with blood.

Happie







Happie be that death that doth so many good.

*Enter Seruio and the Garde.*

*An.* Ah Lelio, we are betrayd, heere commeth the Garde.

*Lc.* Buy anie Coles, small Cooles, fine Cooles.

*Se.* How now, who walkes heere in this disguise?

Let's see thy face?

*Lu.* This is our Collier.

*Se.* This is a Courtiers feate: what Lelio, you are welcome  
Sir, you come in happie time to bring me Crownes.

*Lc.* Sir I am Lelio, I lenot deny my name,  
And I am prisoner to my Lucida,  
To her belongs the ransome of my head,  
Not to thee sonne of hate and nygardie.

*Se.* Well Sir, whosoever clayme you,  
I seise thee for my prisoner.

Who will present thee to the Senators.

*Lu.* Ah gentle Seruio grant me but one thing,  
Then take all the profit if thou wilt for mee.

*Se.* What sounds of profite pleaseth Seruio:  
Speake gentle maide, I like thy manners well.

*Lu.* Referue my father in thy prison close,  
But three daies space, and I aske no more.

*Se.* Well I grant thy sute, it shalbe so:  
Come beare him in hence,

*Lu.* Father time shall discoouer all, till then farewell. *Ex. om.*

*Enter Brishio and his two Sonnes.*

*Br.* Come murderers of my ioy, goe flie my sight:  
Bring me my Lelio or you both shall die.

*Ze.* Father, the Souldiers tending in his tent,  
Reports that he is gone to Venice,

*em.* Haha, midst all these melancolly griefes.

And with resolued minde to end his daies.

*Bri.* Ah traitorous boyes, tis you haue driuen him hence,

Thus villaines haue you coffened mee of fame.

And made him conquere me in curtesie,

Runne post, hie with speed, bring him to me:

Redeeme my Lelio though you loose your liues,

Or I will hate the ground where on you tread,

And curse the wombe that brought me forth such sonnes.

*Or.* If we retorne to Venice we are but dead.

*Bri.* Tut villanes, tell not me of death.

Ile lose you both to haue my friend againe:

Stay but on my nute, we are mortall foes,

This sword shall soon reuenge me on your heads.

*Zep.* Wee goe, but father.

*Bri.* What wilt thou dally yet?

*Or.* Kill vs before we perish by your foes?

*Bri.* O mysery of man, you will not goe,

Then stay and see your father with his sword:

*Zep.* We goe my Lord, O spare your reuerent age.

*Bri.* Nay spare your words, and spend your feete with hast.

*Exit the two sonnes.*

What are they gone, ah cruel and unkinde,

In seeking to saue my friend, I loose my sonnes.

Stay, stay my sonnes, leaue me some comfort in my age:

Whether wilt thou transport my zealous minde,

Let me surfeit in the sinne of loue:

They shall not die, if all must perish, I must perish too.

I will to Venice and redeeme their liues,

Else father, friends, and sonnes will die together.

*Exit Bri.*

*Enter the Duke, Fortunio and the Senators.*

*Duke.* Vsher let those that seeke for audience

Enter the Court, and moue the Senators.







an honest man.

*Enter Seruio and the Garde with Lelio bound  
and Sempronio.*

*Ser.* Most mighty Duke, most worthy Senators,  
Walking abroad as is my vsuall wont:  
I found Lelio clothed in a base disguise:  
Him when I saw, I seazd and seazing brought,  
To be presented to your honors heere:  
And in humble wise request the largis which the state  
Which is a thousand Crowns to him that brings (alowed  
The head of Lelio to the Senators.

*Duke.* The Treasurer shall pay thee strayght:  
Scribe giue him a warrant, let him be dispatched: (pronie  
Lelio stand forth, art thou the haples man that slew Sem-  
*Le.* My Lord I confesse the fault, and am willing with my  
death to recompence the deed.

*Sem.* I cry in all mens eares with egar words,  
That many seeke their danger by dispayre,  
That many die for murders yet vndone,  
I speake to thee, alas that men were wise, &  
To know their good, as their infirmitie.

*Duke.* Tell me Lelio, what moueth thee free from Iustice  
To seeke out death with desperate intent?

*Le.* That which would moue the best and wisest man  
Had he but selfe same causes as I had.

*For.* Discourse and let these aged fathers know them all.

*Le.* What shall they know, in knowing my mishappe,  
That will not molifie their marble mindes,  
Who first hauing slayne his dearest friende  
Next caused his fathers banishment,  
And last his wife to liue in misery,  
And would not seeke ease for their disgrace,  
First pay his slaughtered friend with dearest blood,

Next call his father home from banishment,  
And seeing his wife and daughter once opprest,  
To get indowment and reliefe for both:  
But all my hope is lost, I die in vaine,  
VVhich yeelds a double torment to my payne.  
Giue sentence Prince, delay not by my death,  
To rid me from a world of miseries.

*Du.* Law must haue course, though pittie plead for thee:  
Scribe read the sentence.

*Cl.* VVhereas by sufficient testimonie & publicke confessio  
Lord Lelio is founde guilty for the murder of Sempronio,  
It is adjudged and ratified by the noble Duke of Venice,  
And the most worthy Senators his assistantes,  
That for his offence in publicke place of iustice,  
Lord Lelio shall loose his head.

*Se.* Seruio take the brieve, see execution doone.

*Enter Annetta and Lucyda.*

*An.* Stay cruell man, traynd vp in cruelty,  
Annetta wofull wife, with earnest teares,  
Publish some sorrow for her zealous minde:  
Great Iudges of the state, heare me but speake:  
Pyttie for Lelio, grant my husband life.

*Du.* I may not be, Iustice will haue no pause.

*Lu.* Yet mercy Prince, should moderate the Lawes.

*Cl.* VVho spares the guyltie, anymates the bad.

*Lu.* VVho spareth none, doth hate to Iustice adde.

*Se.* Pittie with Iustice neuer wel agrees.

*Lu.* Yes when it moderates seuer decrees.

*Du.* VVhat cause of plea hath this audacious mayde?

*Lu.* Such cause as vertuous men may wonder at:

I clayne the pension of a thousand crownes,

For my Lords present my fathers head.







*An.* I clayme a reuocation noble Lords,  
For *Brishio*, for he doth merit it,  
By sending *Lelio* home to you aliue,  
And tending him to Iustice by our meanes.  
So then vnlesse you ratifie your lawes,  
And call my father home from banishment,  
And pay the thousand Crownes to *Lucida*.  
Ad this to your Iustice cruell Lords:  
That both the wife and daughter may be lead,  
To die with him that doth vniustly die.  
*Se.* *Seruius* presented *Lelio* vnto vs,  
And hee deserues the pension of the state.  
*Lu.* *Lelio* discovered vnto vs,  
And we deserue the pension of the state.  
*Lu.* *Lelio* first discovered vnto vs,  
And we deserue the pension of the state:  
He to indow me, sought his danger forth.  
*An.* Hee to redeeme his father did returne.  
*Lu.* The issue of his forwardnes was zeale:  
And *Seruius*es seruice was but treachery:  
Your lawes command, that on the first surpryse,  
Vvho met with *Lelio* should disclose him strayght,  
But *Seruius* three daies space did keepe him close.  
*An.* And therefore *Seruius* merits not the gold.  
*Du.* This was the certayne hope of my desire:  
*For.* And didst thou *Seruius* keepe him three daies close.  
*Ser.* I did my lord vpon *Annettas* humble sute.  
*Se.* I, so the Foxe was taken in the net,  
And nygardnes was caught by sutteltie.  
*Du.* Then do the Senate presently decree,  
That *Lucida* shall haue the promist coine,  
And *Seruius* for breaking of the law,  
Shall be imprisoned for a twelue-month space.

his pretty accident doth make me laugh.  
Now Seruio you haue good time to cast account,  
That interest and profit you haue rayfd,  
By yong Sempronios plate and coine.  
Ser. I hope your grace will pardon this misdeed.  
Duke A way with him, I will not heare him speak. *Ex. Ser.*

*Enter Orphinio and Zepherius.*

Or. Shall innocent great Lords kill guilty men?  
Zep. Lead me to death, and if my brother dye.  
Or. No man shall lead my Lelio to his death,  
Except by selfe same sword we perish too.  
Zep. O life thou feedst me with continuall death,  
When wilt thou end and ease my heinous harmes?  
Or. What men are these that hinder Iustice so?  
Zep. The men that had thy life and sought thy death.  
Or. These are old Brishios sonnes I know them well.  
Duke Lay hands on them and bynd the fugitiues.  
Or. Bynd, breake our bones, spare neither life nor lims,  
We come to die, and merit not to liue,  
We bend no knees, for mercy mighty Duke,  
Only our sute is for our brothers life,  
Whose danger we vnhappy men haue wrought.  
Zep. How wrought you Lelios danger, tell vs true?  
Or. When from the Citie speedily we fled,  
Werey to see our fathers hard distresse,  
We hied vs to the Duke of Florentines campe,  
And sought out Lelio, and with naked swords,  
Forst him to hie to Venice and redeeme our sier.  
Hereon through feare of vs he came,  
And in his rescue both of vs wil die.  
Zep. Take two for one great Duke it is enough,

Blood







Bloud shall haue bloud, then be thou satisfied.

*Lel:* You wrong me brothers. Voluntarie intent  
Brought me to Venice, not your wordes.

*Orp:* Thou art too pitious to ingratefull men,  
We forst thee hether, we must ransom thee,  
If Lelio die, our father, will not liue,  
He priseth Lelio more than both his sonnes.

*Duke.* Go, since you long to die, dispatch them two,  
Lelio for murther censurd by himselfe,  
These for assalting my Fortunio.

*For:* Fit we to censure wrongs done to our selues,  
Ile be their aduocate, they must not die,  
Whom hath they wrongd? not law, for none is slayne.  
They did but punish me,  
If anie wrong were done, twas done to these,  
If anie death be due, tis due to me.

*Duke.* By breach of prison they haue forfeited.

*For:* No my Lord, for they were vniustly punished.

*An:* I pardon thee Fortunio for all thy wrongs,  
For pleading zealously for innocents.

*Lu:* But if thou keepe my father from the sword,  
Ile paie thee further kindnes than I owe.

*Enter Brishio.*

*Bri:* Preuent not zealous faith you angrie heauens,  
Let raging rigor stay till Brishio come,  
What liue they yet, liues Lelio, liue my sonnes,  
Bound, censured, prest to die, the heads-man heere,  
Come let me make the fourth, thou minister,  
Leade me to death with these, if these must die.

*Duke:* How dares thy child Brishio visit vs?  
Fearest thou not law?

*Bri:* Yes prince I honor law,

A KNACKE TO KNOW

And for the loue I beare to iustice now,  
I come to paie my rāsome of contempt,  
And leaue my life in Venice for my crime.

*2. Sen:* Thy fault deserues not death,  
The law requires a hundred crowns for penalty frō thee

*Bri:* I haue no crownes, my head must be my coine,  
I had one friend, and you will rob me of him,  
I haue two sonnes, and they are bound to die,  
Thus all my wealth is in your hands my Lords  
Giue these to me, giue me these liuing ioyes,  
For whom I haue aduentured breach of law,  
Then take this hand, cut it off for one,  
And take this other, cut it off for him,  
But take for this my bodie, hart, and all,  
Ah Lelio, Lelio, couldst thou serue me so.

*Sen:* We looke for monie Brishio, not for plaints.

*Lu:* You shall haue monie, heere receiue my dowrie,  
Ile paie my grandsires penaltie my selfe,

*Bri:* No, no, redeeme the yonger sort, let me die.

*Lel:* Mightie, magnificent, and gracious lord,  
Why staie you silly soules with dalliance,  
Command these murdering hands to cut my throate,  
And if that iustice flourish in this state,  
Pittie my father, friend, my ioy and weale.

*Bri:* Call not for death: my sonne, he calls not thee,  
For pittie Corrodino centure me,  
For if I loose these, I must loose my lyfe,  
And if I loose him, I loose my soule;  
Then let vs all haue lyfe, or lets all die,  
Taxing this state with inhumanitie.

*Dr:* Drawe all these souldiers presently apart,  
The Senators will counsil of these euents.

*Enter*







*Enter Sempronio.*

*Sem:* Let vertue liue, let villanie be slaine,  
Let Lelio liue, for vertue liues in him,  
O pittie thy campe is pitched heere,  
But griefe and sorrow that remaineth here,  
But faith and honestie that remaineth here,  
Come Charitie and lend to me a tong,  
Else Penitent Experience is quite vndone.

*Bri:* Thou hast a tongue, then raue not so.

*Sem:* I haue no tongue because I cannot shew,  
Nor tell to thee the secrets of my thoughts,  
I haue no speech but such as helpe me not,  
But such as sings thy vertue, thy deserts,  
Thy bountie, thy true heart, thy honestie,  
O were there one could find Sempronio out,  
How might we make a famous comedie.

*Du:* Shall this conclusion stand, you noble peeres?

*Sem:* Wee ratifie the same by our consent.

*Du:* Bring forth the prisoners, Brishio march thou forth,  
Waying the wondrous working of the heauens,  
We thus conclude,

That Brishio shall be free from his supposed exile:  
and inioy the goods and fortune he inioyd before,  
We likewise doo releate his forward sonnes,  
and pardon their defaults what ere they be,  
We grant the pension of a thousand crownes  
To Lucida, as we haue promised,  
Onely in this our iustice stands in force,  
That Lelio must for murder suffer death.

*Bri:* Nay my lorde, spare all or none, wee craue no further grace.

*Sem:* Let Fortune spite, or hate do what she can,

Here is a knacke to know an honest man,  
Not age, not life, not fornes, not wealth, not friend,  
Can draw thee from affecting thy deare friend,  
O let me make the third, if Lelio die,  
Hie thee kind charitie, lend me a tongue.  
*Duke.* Beare hence the prisoner, we dissolue the court.  
*Sem.* Stay & suffer Penitent Experience inioy one boone  
*For.* Dispatch then and tell vs what it is.  
*Se.* Let none but I be executioner to cut off Lelios head.  
*Duke.* We grant thy sute.  
*Sem.* Then giue me this keene sword  
Since none but Experience  
Hath power to cut off vertues noble head,  
Thou shalt not die.  
*For.* Do not delude our trust.  
*Sem.* Nor do you condemne a guildes man.  
O Charitie is come, I see him now.  
*Enter olde Phillip.*  
*Du.* Heads-man dispatch, except Sempronio liue, Lelio  
must die.  
*Phil.* Sempronio liues, my Lord, see where he stands.  
*Du.* Hermit why dalliest thou?  
Sempronio was yong, but this is olde,  
Sempronio was dead, but he doth liue:  
*Her.* Old Sempronio now is young againe,  
And dead Sempronio now doth liue,  
Beholde him Lelio, dost thou know him now?  
*Lel.* Sempronio.  
*Sem.* Ah deare Lelio.  
*Her.* This Lord left dead by shepheards in the field,  
Was found againe, and healed thus by me,  
And by my art hauing his haire disguisde,

Hee







He past a solemne oath to hide his name,  
And doo good deeds where he had liued loose,  
Since when, caid Penitent Experience,  
He hath remaind, and liu'd a pensive life.  
Speake my Sempronio, for I discharge thy vow,  
Tellthou the rest, for why my vision  
Foretolde and promist such an accident,  
As neuer Venice had, or sawe the like.  
*Sem:* Sempronio liues, and Lelio now must liue,  
Greeu'd for my breach of faith, greeu'd for my crime,  
Heere are the tokens of my fatall wounds,  
Which when I eyed Annetta, I haue wept,  
To thinke vpon my loose vnbrideled loue.  
Let vs not ioy in words, but ioy in hearts,  
And let our armes our tongues discourse imbrace,  
Where our three liues are heard of agen,  
Call them three knackes to finde out honest men.  
*Du:* God wrought these things, we do applaud his works  
See how by mute imbrace these friends imbrace,  
Marke how they whisper in each others eares,  
Their troublous fortunes, cares, & discontents,  
And now loue workes, see how Lelio hand in hand  
Ioynes Sempronio with his Lucida,  
The holy hermit knitteth vp the knot,  
And all applaud this vnitic of peace.  
How now? what seekes this maide?

*Enter Phillida.*

*Phil.* Pardon for my father.

*Du:* Comst thou to plead for Seruio Phillida?  
Go fetch him forth, ioy shall haue fulnes now:  
Sempronio stand aside, wele make some sport.

*Exii Phillida.*

*Exit*

*Enter Phillida with her father Seruio.*

*Duke.* Now Seruio, for thy forfeit to the state,  
What fine wilt thou afford for libertie.

*Ser.* Dread Lord, those lands and profits sell to me,  
By deare Sempronios death, my neere a kin,  
I frankly giue in lieu of my contempt.

*Du.* What wilt thou make bequeath of others lands :  
Why man he liues againe.

*Ser.* First tell me I am dead my Lord.

*Du.* Thou must restore to him his goods againe.

*S.r.* O misery, Is he restord to life, to take away my goods  
Command me death, nay prisonment, and what ye wil,  
So he reuiue not, so I meet him not.

*Sem.* See here the picture of true auarice,  
Where men preferre their goods before their friends,  
How fare you vnkle?

*Ser.* Iesus blesse me, a spirit: What cosin?

*Sem.* I vnkle, the same, and grieue not to yeeld your kins-  
man his right.

*Du.* Nay force perforce he shall restore thy owne.  
Phillida behold, thy vnkle liues :

See my Lords, no care of kindred holdeth her,  
She runs to meet Orphinio, loue conducteth her.

*Phil.* Are you returnd my Lord, what safe returnd?

*Orp.* Returnd to keepe my faith with Phillida.

*Du.* Knit vp that knot within with iollie,  
And Register record this commoditie.

*Sem.* Nay stay my Lord, before this comicke end,  
Let, measure knackes to finde out honest men,  
For all these listning eares would finde them out.  
Who list to know a perfect honest man,  
Shall see his purse still open to the poore,

His







His tongue detesting lewd detractions,  
He scornes to grieue the needfull heart with grieffe,  
But liues as borne to euerie mans releefe :  
A knaue will gaine by all vnlawfull meanes,  
But good men still their goods by vertue gleanes.  
A knaue makes shift his thrift, forswears and lies,  
An honest man on loue and faith relyes :  
A knaue makes lust his loue, respects no friend,  
An honest man for friendship life will spend.  
Oh how I should tire both tong, thought, and pen,  
To scan out knaues from perfect honest men :  
Point where I list, if so my finger light  
On honestie, I sweare I point aright.  
*Du:* Thanks good Sempronio for this worthie skill,  
To register the memorie of this,  
Henceforth where ere this historie is heard,  
The worlde shall praise thee, in whose life began,  
The perfect knacke to knowe an honest man.

*Finis*      Finis.



































































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Knack to know an honest man  
A knack to know an honest man

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